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LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.

This work is conducted in the spirit of Little's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but is not only given spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a great and more attractive variety are able to increase the soil and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully as satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and state Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's able criticism, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Bostonian, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are interwoven with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United States, and with the best articles of the Dublin Examiner, the New Monthly Review, the Quarterly Review, and the Spectator. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow from the pages of Punch, and while we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa into our neighborhood, and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now comes every intelligent American to be conversant with the condition of the various countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening to a rapid progress of change, to a new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Civilization (which is extending over the whole world), and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our sections; and, in particular, we shall extend our views to a rapid survey of the new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

While we aspire to make the Living Age desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement, to Statesmen, to Lawyers, to Physicians, to men of business and men of leisure, it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to the wives and children. We believe that we can thus do more for our country, and for the world, than by making it a mere repository for the trash of the day, and by thus making it a mere repository for the trash of the day, and by thus making it a mere repository for the trash of the day.

To all subscribers within 1500 miles, who remit in advance, directly to the office of publication at Boston, the sum of Six Dollars, we will send the work beyond the year, as long as shall be an equivalent to the cost of postage, thus virtually carrying out the plan of sending every man's copy to his neighbor. We will also send our distant subscribers on the same footing as those nearer to us; and making the whole country our neighborhood.

We hope for such future change in the law, or the interpretation thereof, as will enable us to make this offer to subscribers at any distance.

E. LITTLE & CO., BOSTON.

ELGIN SPRING HOUSE.

THE ELGIN SPRING HOUSE is now open for the reception of visitors. The Proprietor, having added several well finished rooms, and made other improvements in his premises, feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. The medicinal qualities of these Springs are equal to any in the world, and are highly recommended by the best physicians in the country, to whom reference may be had, viz: Drs. Bradford and Maxfield of Vergennes; Drs. Allen and Russell of Middlebury; Drs. Cram and Converse of Ferrisburgh; Dr. Henshaw of Burlington; Dr. Horton of Colchester; and Drs. Warner and Hazleton of New Haven. The Proprietor will run a Carriage to the Depot, and will receive in connection with the Cars, for the accommodation of visitors and boarders. All orders for water purged by executed and forwarded by the Boats and Cars to any part of the country.

Post Office Address, Vergennes Vt.

S. ALLEN, PROPRIETOR.

Elgin Springs, Vt., 2nd.

May 10, 1851.

N. B.—The water from the above Spring is forwarded by Mr. Allen, to L. W. CLARK, of this village, who keeps a supply constantly on hand, which will be furnished to those who wish to test its virtues, at a reasonable charge.

WASHING FLUID.

A first-rate and thoroughly tried article Made and warranted by

H. A. SHELDON.

"Our Paths Divide."

All things are changing, even thou!
I fondly hoped we might elude
The pang that we are suffering now
Must rise upon thy maiden brow,
And glide apart on life's broad sea,
Like ships at night—unconsciously.

I knew that woman as thou art,
A tide which thou couldst never control
Must rise upon thy maiden brow,
And sweep my image from thy soul;
As well return to ocean's strand,
To seek one's foot-prints in the sand.

Mine was a passionate good-will;
And, ever waking in my breast,
I felt a yearning and a thrill,
Which mournfully I shuttled rest;
For the frank interest in thine eyes,
True to itself, never sought disguise.

When I was sad with any care
With any grief, and came to thee,
Thou wouldst so sweetly soothe my care,
The burden which was laid on me,
That I forgot all other pain,
To soothe and make thee glad again.

And when I strove to tell thee aught
Beyond the reach of words, thy face
Became a picture of my thought,
And gave the shadow life and grace;
Until its beauty seemed to be,
That it was listened to by thee.

With an increasing tenderness,
Even now thy spirit seems to grieve,
And vainly struggle to confess
The change itself can scarce believe;
Still seeking, by some gentle art,
To teach my soul that we must part.

Thus, while a warmth from earlier days,
Whose brightness we should also forget,
Is lingering, with the golden haze
Of Indian Summer, round us yet;
Our paths divide, and leave the scene,
We tread together, ever green!

Sketches of Lima.

From Colonel's Desk and Pencil.

A girl here at the age of ten or eleven is as far advanced in her social and matrimonial anticipations as she is with us at seventeen. She expects in her fourteenth year to marry, and she is not alone in this. The sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Bostonian, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are interwoven with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United States, and with the best articles of the Dublin Examiner, the New Monthly Review, the Quarterly Review, and the Spectator. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow from the pages of Punch, and while we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

When this hey-day of life has been sufficiently enjoyed, she narrows, not from having fallen in love, but for the sake of an establishment. If her husband devalues himself to her, she is generally faithful; but if he spends his nights in clubs, at the billiard and card table, she is apt to permit the in-fidelity of some one whom she ought not to love. This is rarely, if ever, followed by a domestic explosion. She feels secure of all that forbearance and silence which the most jealous regard to the peace and reputation of the family can suggest. With us, the injured party, though first himself in the fault, yet in his resentment often turns his own heart-stone into a tomb. Guilt never fails to carry with it, in the end, its own punishment. There is a serpent in the cup of guilty pleasure, whose fang will inflict wounds on which the tears of repentant anguish will yet fall big and fast.

There is one religious observance in Lima which reminds the traveler of the call of the muezzin from the minarets of Constantinople, when he summons the Mussulman to prayer. When the bell of the great Cathedral tolls the departing sun, every one, whether on foot, in his carriage, or on horseback, and whatever may be his speed, stops and takes off his hat. The gayest look grave, and the serious whisper a brief prayer. The shopkeeper suspends his bargain, the billiard player lays down his cue; the gambler folds his cards and reverently rises. In a minute the bell ceases; the horseman dashes on, the cue and cards are resumed, and Heaven seems again forgotten.

Many of the simple artisans ply their trades outside their shops. You will encounter twenty or thirty shoemakers driving the awl in a single court, and as many tailors pushing the needle in another; while a third is filled by milliners, bleaching and trimming gipsy-bags for Indian girls. The Limerick lady seldom wears a bonnet; she prefers the mantle; with that she can conceal her face, save the peeping eye, and pass unrecognized. The sly or skirt of this disguising dress is not the work of her own sex; it is always cut and made by the same hands which fit and seam the coats of the gentlemen. What can be expected of a nation where the men are engaged in making petticoats for the women? Enterprises of pith and moment are not achieved through the stitches of that garment.

The convent of San Pedro, an extensive, costly edifice, has been converted into an establishment for raising and twisting silk. The few monks who still lingered in their cloisters, when they saw the worms slowly winding themselves up in their continuous thread, as if the sole object of life was to secure an undisturbed exit from it, concluding that two of a trade could never agree, picked up their rosaries and relics, and departed. The worms work on, and wind their silky sepulchres as industriously as if the monks who have gone had left behind them their ghastly mementoes of life's brevity.

How strangely sounds that steam-engine as it turns the twisting machinery, and throws its ceaseless echoes among these chambers, once dedicated to the spirit of silence! And the thread, as it reels itself off from the cocoon, seems as if it unwound the

quiet existence of some recluse whose life was here "rounded with a sleep." These threads are to be woven into a rich tissue, beneath which the bounding heart and glowing limb will but faintly indicate the presence and vigils which once reigned in these gloomy chambers, from which they stream to the light. Such are the strange mutations to which the enterprise of the age brings us. A convent is converted into a factory, its skulls into steam-boilers, and its beads into hobbins! It is enough to wake St. Anthony out of his sunless sleep!

A relic can no further divide, Than when 'tis reeled from spool or spindle. I have encountered no class of persons in Peru that have awakened the same degree of sympathy and interest as the native Indians. One of them have been piled misfortunes that would have crushed a less enduring race. Their lands, their forests, and their streams have been wrenched from them through treachery and force. The mounds in which the bones of their forefathers were entombed, have been violated; and these sacred relics exposed to the gaze of a profane curiosity. These are wrongs against which his untutored nature rebels, and which he partially avenges in the frightful scenes of the Revolution. The power of Spain in Peru went down like a wreck, over which the whelming wave rushes in remorseless triumph.

The Indians on the coast, born among Europeans, have still something of that sedate-ness which is characteristic of their race when reared under the influences of civilization. But those from the interior, whose cradles were swung among the stupendous steeples of the Andes, have a stern, wild force which shows where their home has been. They look with scorn on the tricks of the teller. They may indeed wear plumes in their dark hair, but they are from the pinnacles of some daring bird that has battled with the mountain storm, or whose rash has been over the cataraict's plunging verge. Still they are in a great measure free from ferocity and disguised revenge. They are magnanimous as conquerors, and patient as captives. They never lose their equanimity in good or ill fortune.

The religion of the Limerians is entitled to a charitable judgment. The mass of the people are not responsible for the paganism with which it is invested. Their unformed faith may be perplexed among shadows, but it often penetrates to the substance. Among the frivolous there are not a few with whom religion is an earnest reality. Among the skeptical, many may be found who have cast the anchor of their hopes within the veil.

We may denounce the prescriptive policy of their church, but we should not denounce their faith. They worship in a temple which the zeal of ages has reared to their hands. They found its doors barred to other religious persuasions, and it is requiring too much to expect that they will at once throw back its bolts. This can be realized only through the influence of that higher light which the Bible is now pouring into the recesses of every sectarian shrine. Even our own Protestant altars are now visited by rays which have long been shut out, or permitted to fall in only faint fragments. The spirit of intolerance, which has pervaded our churches, has been a source of vast moral mischief. The road to heaven is covered with foot-prints of thousands, who have been won to it by the accents of Christian love.

When a political intrigue explodes in Lima, the first inquiry is for the woman that sprung the mine. She is generally found to be some courtesan, whose success lies more in the power of her personal charms than her force of intellect. Her carriage in Lima and her rancor at Chorrillos, sufficiently attest her means, and the honor of those who favor through which she bequeaths the unwary antonians into her plans and purposes.

If the plot fails, her confidants may alone for their political prodigies with their lives; but she lives on and may yet ensnare the judges that doomed them. She has tact that eludes sagacity, and a perseverance that seems to challenge obstacles. She makes her way where the most cautious counsels are disconcerted, she triumphs where the most daring courage is foiled. She detects at a glance the unguarded point in the most crafty, and turns his weapons against himself. Her intrigues sometimes result in benefit to the state. The same mysterious hand, that traces in ominous characters the doom of the obnoxious or incapable minister, often executes its own sentence.

All this indicates a truth, which a thousand other facts corroborate, that the women of Lima are far in advance of the men in sagacity and force of purpose. In the trifling conflicts of the Revolution, when men's hearts failed them, they were in disguise on horseback among the troops, nursing the wounded, and rallying the brave. No political party can long maintain its ascendancy in Peru that has not their confidence and support. They will make it ridiculous with their raillery, or odious with the denunciation.

Out of Lima, the masses in Peru subsist mostly on a vegetable diet. The flour of maize, wheat, peas, beans, barley, rice, and arrow-root, are made into a soft pap, or mush, which is sweetened exceedingly with sugar or molasses. This is the great Peruvian dish called "masamora," and which is the edible staple of every family. It produces sleepiness without fire. They who abstain upon it retain their flesh till they pass forty; then begin to dwindle away; at sixty they are extremely thin; and at seventy have hardly substance enough to cast a shadow.

A mother here never nurses her child when she is angry, for fear of imparting to it a choleric temperament. If unable to perform herself this agreeable maternal function, she procures a black nurse, but never an Indian. The vital tide from a red skin she fears assured will give it a fiery, insatiable disposition. She considers the milk

of the black cow cooler than that of any other, and anticipates a mild and amiable temper in her children as she pours it into their porringers. I like this idea of not nursing a child when angry. It is another check on peevishness and passion. It would not be amiss were the superstitious universal. Of all objects in the world the most painful to me, is a mother nursing and scolding at the same time. It is worse than thunder out of a soft April cloud.

The aborigines of Peru still wear a beard at the temple as a charm against disease, and still adhere to their herb doctors. These simple disciples of Esculapius, laden with their tanks, balsams, roots, and herbs, traverse the steep and gloomy of the Andes, descend into the plains of Chili, and the pampas of Buenos Ayres. If they seldom cure, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they never kill. But as the legitimate province of medicine is to amuse the patient, while nature cures the disease, perhaps the result of their practice will not suffer by a comparison with that of their more learned brethren. It is much wiser, in ordinary cases, to hang a bean to the temple, than to put a pill into the stomach. Nature never complies of the bean, but she is often very much puzzled to know what to do with the pill. Were the ghosts of those who have fallen victims to medicine to appear on this earth, there would be a more terrible slaking among the medical profession, than there was in the valley of Ekeleki's vision of dry bones.

From the Diary of a Gentleman.

The Orleans Family.

Louis Philippe, who was an ambitious man and fond of power, was still fonder of money and always kept an eye to the main chance. On the day before he mounted the throne, in August, 1830, he executed a deed of gift—a donation, the French call it—in favor of his children, of all his vast properties, amounting to about two hundred millions of francs, reserving to himself the usufruct of it, by which the conveyance remained inoperative until after his death. The reason for the deed of gift was this: By the laws and usages of France, for a long time back, a person coming to the throne ceased to own private property, and all that he was in possession of previously became, ipso facto, vested in the Crown; that is, it was annexed to the sovereignty, let that sovereignty be where it might. This law Louis Philippe disregarded, and thought that by his donation he would secure to his family all his enormous wealth. There was some discussion about his proceeding at the time, but no resistance to it, as the "Citizen King" was then too powerful and too popular to be resisted. And so things went on during his reign of seventeen years and a half. When he went into exile in 1848, his dispositions with regard to his property were respected, and continued as to the 23d of January last, on which day Louis Napoleon, by a decree of about a dozen lines, confiscated to the use of the State the whole of the estate of Louis Philippe, included in his donation, on the ground that that act was illegal, and that on his accession, his exalted viceroy by operation of law in the sovereign, without respect to the person. The lawyers differ about this; but the usage and the precedents are against the donation. Henry the Fourth attempted to do the same thing that Louis Philippe did, but his designs were frustrated by the Parliament; then judicial tribunals—and he finally acquiesced in their decision.

This measure of the Dictator is a very high-handed and unscrupulous one. The "Citizen" himself would not venture upon such a one, nor would Louis the Fourteenth or Napoleon have ventured, who were both "the State," and who could dare to do as much as any body ought to dare, and a great deal more. A Roman Emperor—the worst of the Roman Emperors—might have dared, or an Achaean Prince, who was born a slave owner, without any fiction of law, of all his subjects, and of all their property. This is clearly not a question to be decided by the executive head of the State. It is one, the solution of which belongs either to the legislative or to the judicial department—to the former, if it is a political question; to the latter, if it is one of law. But the Prince President, as they call him, whilst committing this enormous and wholesale wrong, provides in the decree a sop for public opinion, and one which will go far to conciliate it; that is, the assignment of thirty or forty millions of the confiscated estates to charitable and benevolent purposes. And such is the weakness and the selfishness of human nature, that many will, for that reason, approve the measure, who would not, had it been a simple and naked confiscation. It is said, however, that the dissatisfaction is general, and very great; that the Ministers were nearly all opposed to the decree, and that many of the property-holders, seeing that they have got a stock for a ruler instead of a log, do not know when their turn may come to be plundered. So these men of wealth and influence, who have seen the constitution and laws of their country trampled under foot by a crafty and unscrupulous usurper; who have seen their fellow-citizens butchered in the street by a drunkard and infuriated soldiery, for no crime but that of being in the street; who have seen thousands of them proscribed and hunted down like wild beasts, and thousands sentenced to deportation, a punishment worse than death, who have seen all this, and do not approvingly have yet raised neither hand nor voice against it; but when their pockets are threatened, though very remotely, then they have eyes to see, ears to hear, tongues to speak, and nerves to feel, though insensible as the bronze of the Napoleon column to the degradation of their country, and to the relentless and cold-blooded measures of the oppressor. When we read of all this, we cannot help thinking of the words of Charlotte Corday when on the scaffold and about to be guillotined for the killing of Marat: *Quel relate people pour former une république!*

What a miserable people to make a republic of!

We suppose that Louis Napoleon has been actuated by several motives in this measure of confiscation—revenge, fear, and cupidity. He has, like Cassius, an "itching palm." He needs a great deal of money, and must have it; and it will not be difficult to give some of the many millions, the product of the confiscated property, a direction best conforming to his own interests. At the same time, he revenges himself on the Orleans family for the act of their father, who sent him to prison only, when he might have put him to death. The Prince de Joinville, too, rather unwisely, became a candidate for the Presidency, thus throwing himself across the usurper's path; and then, with all this vast amount of wealth, the family would have an influence in France, though exiled, and facilities for intrigue, which, without the property, they cannot have. They have not much of our sympathy, for they have enough left without their father's donation—about one hundred millions, which they inherited mostly from the Prince de Condé, and their aunt, the Princess Adelaide. This property they are obliged, by another autocratic decree, to sell within one year; and with the proceeds they will have enough, as Louis Napoleon says, to live abroad in the style suited to their rank. We look at the question as one of naked right and wrong, and it seems to us to be clear, that the right is on the side of the Orleans family, admitting the donation to have been illegal even; and clear, for this reason: Louis Philippe was called to the throne by what seemed to be the voice of the nation. He was expelled from it by the same voice. Now, if the nation that called him to the throne, expelled him from it, he ought, with regard to his private rights, to be placed precisely where he was before his accession; and then his property would belong to his children.

The case of Napoleon is cited as a case in point by those who are disposed to justify or to excuse his nephew for this measure of confiscation. It is not at all analogous, in our opinion. When Napoleon became Sovereign of France—Consul for life (though he was in fact so when only First Consul)—it was well known that he could not have had much private fortune honestly acquired. When the command of the army of Italy was given to him, he was very poor. It is true that he helped himself pretty freely whilst in that country, but he must have taken with a most grasping hand, if Josephine did not spend as fast as he could get, for she was very extravagant and profuse. Upon the restoration of Louis XVIII., he regarded it, and so treated, as private domain or Crown property, all, or nearly all, within his reach that was claimed by Napoleon as his private fortune. But still the Emperor disposed of a large property by his last will and testament, and the disposition was carried into effect. So that, besides the fact that he had not, or should not have had much private fortune when he ascended the throne, he finally bequeathed at least as much as he can be supposed to have owned at that time. And besides this, he made all his family—his mother, four brothers, and three sisters—immensely wealthy; or he gave them, at least, at one time and another, what would have made them so, if taken care of.

To this it might be added, that Napoleon abdicated in 1815, but as he did so under circumstances very near akin to compulsion, the act, though valid, perhaps, in a legal point of view, could not be fairly used against him in a question concerning his private rights—right to property.

Where's Your Hoss?

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerably pretty pile of castings, owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and onions, but right smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper further south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficient of the needed to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day James started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, James," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkansas?"
"Tolerably cheap, dad."

"You didn't buy more'n two hundred acres, did you?"
"No, not over two hundred."

"How much money have you got left?"

"Nary red, dad."

"Why, I had no idee travellin' was so expensive in them parts."

"Wal, jest you try once, and you'll find out, I reckon."

"Wal, never mind that, let's hear 'bout the land, an' be's yure hoss?"

"An' you see, 'bout, as I was goin' along one day—"

"But yure hoss?"

"You holo on, dad, an' I'll tell you all 'bout it. You see, I was agoin' along one day, an' bimby I lost a feller as said he was a goin' along my way in."

"But yure hoss?"

"Dad darn my hide, if you don't shut up, dad, I'll never git in the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, an' as this feller jined company, and bust room we hitched our critters, and got down into a branch, and went to eatin' a snack. Arter we'd gut thru, this feller sez to me, 'Arter a draw up this ere red-eye?' 'Wal, I don't mind,' sez I—"

"But yure hoss?"

"Kummin' to him bimby, dad. So me an' this feller sot sorter jorkin' an'

drinkin', and then he sez, 'Stranger, let's play a little game of seven-up.' 'A takin' out of my pocket a greasy, roan'-cornered pack of keards. 'Don't keer if I do,' sez I. So we sot up side up a stump, and kam menced to beat a quarter up, an' I tell you I was a shagin' him awful."

"But yure hoss?"

"Kummin' to him, dad. Bimby luck changed, an' he got to winnin' an' pretty sune I hadn't nary quarter left. Then sez he, 'Stranger, I'll give you a chance to get even, an' play you one more game.' 'Wal, we both played rite side that game, I swow, an' we was both six an' six, an'—"

"Wal's yure hoss?"

"Kummin' to him, dad. We was six an' six, an' 'twas his deal."

"Will you tell me yure hoss?" said the old man, getting riled.

"Yes, we was six an' six, an' he turned up the Jack."

"Wal's yure hoss?"

"The stranger won him, a turnin' up that Jack."

"Sambo, why am de pen at Gen. Scott riles wd like a riler in Maine?"

"Well, Ginger, I drops de subject."

"Well, den, I tell you why it am. Because it am de Pen-oh-Scott! (Penoscot)."

"Crip, me by de har, Ginger, I'm gwine to drop."

"Domestic Blues.—I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning."

"Pet Child.—Oh no, papa dear, I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning."

"The Mormon Name.—People have wondered what the word Mormon means. It is easily explained.—Mormon or Mormon, is the Greek word for hobgoblin, and paraphrastically for delusion or counterfeited.—Little did that crafty impostor, Joe Smith, with all his craftiness, suspect the close fitting cap he was making for his newly conceived imposture, when he gave his statue book the name of 'Book of Mormon,' literally the book of hobgoblin."

"Honor to the Brave.—The Pawtucket Gazette gives the following, which illustrates the wonderful sagacity of 'down East' seamen: 'A friend who resides in the western part of Massachusetts, says that a man died a short time since in a town adjoining the one in which he resides, and being a member of a military company, was buried with military honors. After the firing over the grave of the deceased had been performed, one of the seamen of the town who was present at the solemn service, moved that three cheers be given for the military. We are assured that this is a fact.'"

"Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" said a traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger."

"But a gentleman told me just now that you had received a barrel."

"Why, good gracious! What do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

"An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village square, one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental.—On the following morning, he met one of the guests, who said, 'Well, farmer, how did you enjoy your self last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?'"

"Why, really, sir I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em," but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

"Some folks are easily glorified. We once knew a man who became so elated because he was elected first sergeant in the militia, that he went home and put a silver plate on his door. Ollapod, in speaking of people, makes mention of one Sadine, who was so overjoyed the time he saw his name in the list of letters published by the post office, that he called his friends together, and put them through on woodcock and champagne."

"Hans, who do you vote for?"

"I vote for de beoples, I vote."

"Well, but what candidate?"

"Der Governor."

"What Governor?"

"Him what gies elected nit de ballot-box, dis year bin ein fortnight!"

"Papa—why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because the papers say they are out of order and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order."

"Pa, how long does the Legislature sit?"

"Three or four months, my son."

"Why, what a set of geese they must be; our geese sit only five weeks!"

"It is getting late may, son, I think you had better retire."

"The phrase 'don't halloo till you're out of the woods,' is, in the refined language of the day, rendered, 'It is unadvisable for reasonable bipeds to exert their vocal powers in a boundless contiguity of shade.'"

"The girls in Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor bouquets of tansy and yarrow-wood. He says he doesn't care; he had rather smell them than matrimony."

"The Boston Post asks what is the difference between an uncleanly servant and a chicken? And answers, none."

for one is a foul domestic, and the other a domestic fowl.

From the New England Farmer.

Making Compost.

BY FREDERICK HOLBROOK.

The soils of New England are at best but of moderate fertility. Too much of our land has been worn out, has been thoroughly skinned, by a long and exhausting tillage. To increase the fertility of lands not yet worn out, to restore fertility where it has been exhausted, and to gather crops that will remunerate labor, we must be diligent and persevering in the making and application of manure. Our case is such that we cannot rely simply upon the refuse of our crops and the excrements of our farm-stock; we must add thereto the riches of our swamps and forests, the washing from our fields that have centered in hollows, and all those waste or unemployed vegetable or animal substances, wherever available, that contain the principle of fertility. Thus we may cause our desert-places to blossom again, and make the cultivation of New England soil a remunerating business.

Experience has taught me that compost-manure is valuable very much in proportion to the care with which the various materials have been mingled. One man will take certain materials, all suitable for being converted into a rich compost, tumble them together without care or calculation, apply the mass to his fields with as little care or thought, and finding its operation upon his crops very variable and uncertain, or that it is quite inoperative, will denounce the whole system of composting manures as an idle theoretical notion, unworthy the attention of a practical farmer. Another man will take precisely the same materials, mingle them minutely and perfectly, and in due proportions, apply the compost properly to his fields, obtain fine crops wherever it is applied, his lands will steadily improve under such treatment, he will add barn to barn, and will fill his barns.

In the business of making manure, I for one have found it for my